



War is Toxic



dystopia

neuclearwar

17 0 1

Chapter 1 by Glowpy-Druglord

"Power plant meltdown," the gruff-voiced soldier told his dear friend, who was smoking a cigarette, "are rough."

He blew out a puff of the smoke into to the polluted air, flicking the tobacco product once with his finger. "No kidding. Do you remember what this place even looked like when before Inc. come?"

The first soldier sighed behind his gas mask. "Like it was yesterday. I used to have a beautiful wife back in New York, she took care of my only son, Thomas. He was only two when I last saw him, he was seven when the power plant exploded." He lifted his mask up and took a long sip of his Mountain Dew. "Good thing we still have these. I would have gone crazy without Mountain Dew in my life. What about you? Who did you loose?"

"My sister. She had her whole life ahead of her. Remember those shirts I wore to work those few days? She designed those."

The soldier nearly spit out his soda, covering his mouth. "Your sister designed those shirts. The ones we used to use as a rag for oil leaks?"

See more of Story Wars

"Yup," he replied, throwing
about what we used those

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

but I never told her

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(3211b5d1d968fc1665909b34f9f16010_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(d47ad152ec3d86a04ad64c8049e1f17f_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(6b7fbb0b7bdb78cadf73d50851a4dfb1_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account